

The Tragedie of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commission; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarke's health, and *Englands* to;
With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuise no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hor. I't possible?

Ham. Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,
Deuild a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but fir now
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hor. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma twene their amities,
And many such like, as fir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shriuing time a low'd.

Hor. How was this seald?

Ham. Why even in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modill of that Danish seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subscribe it, gau't th'impresion, plac'd it safely,

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hor. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinnuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

Hor. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?

He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cunage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you fir.

Dooest know this water fly?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spaci-
ous in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receaue it fir withall dilligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinks it is very fully and hot, or my complec-
tion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultury, as t'were I can-
not tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, fir here is newly
com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, full of most
excellent